

# 2Pac Lyrics

"All Out"

(feat. Outlawz)

*[Kastro (Napoleon):]*

We goin' all out, we goin' all out  
We goin' all out  
Watch your motherfuckin' mouth, niggas!  
(That's right, fuck these fag niggas!)  
Do it, do it, do it!

*[2Pac:]*

Come hell or high water, down to slaughter opposers  
Just another lost soul, stuck, callin' Jehovah  
Outlaw 'til it's over, brandish my strap, back like a cobra  
I stay drunk, 'cause I'm a mad man whenever sober  
On a one-man mission, my ambition's to hold up  
The rap game, while I pluck holes in niggas, like donuts  
And still down to die for all my soldiers, like hillbillies  
They don't fear me, so we feud, bringin' war to the city  
With each breath, death before dishonor  
Never let you swallow me, no apologies, your honor  
A general in war, I'm the first to bomb  
With a squad of trusted killers  
Quick to move shit heavily armed  
I'm similar to Saddam, sometimes I question who's sane  
Like fiends frantic for that last vein, stuck in the game  
I hit the scene like sandstorms, then transform, watch me  
I take the figure of 30 niggas who all got me  
While bitches wonderin' who shot me  
No love, keep a grudge, shootin' slugs like Muammar Gaddafi  
Murder my friends, build a new posse  
We takin' shots at paparazzi, go and fly now, nigga, like Rocky  
You got a lot of nerve to play me  
Another gay rapper, bustin' caps at Jay Z  
(Buck buck buck buck buck!) And still avoid capture  
While y'all caught up in the rapture, still after me  
I'm in Jamaica, sippin' daiquiris, no doubt  
We used to havin' nothin'  
Then grabbin' somethin' and bustin'  
Wanted to be the thug nigga that my old man wasn't  
I can't tour, fear of catchin' cases, litigation  
Niggas playa-hatin', got me crooked in all fifty states  
I'm screamin', "Death Row!"  
Throw my Westside, ain't no thang  
We was raised off drive-bys, brought up to bang  
We claim mob, M.O.B., if you be specific  
We control all cash from Atlantic-Pacific  
And get this: I'm hard to kill when I peel with this live spot  
Father, how the hell did I survive these five shots?  
Live it up or give it up, and like demons  
Late night, hear them screamin', "We goin' all out!"

*[E.D.I.:*

We goin' all out, bomb first 'til they fall out  
Take them the war route, without a doubt  
Ball, which means we all ride if it's on  
Each nigga handle your own, bring it on strong  
If you got bills to pay, nigga, go all out  
Bustas playin' with your papes better go all out  
Tryna see the next day, nigga, go all out  
Obstacles in your way, you better go all out

*[Napoleon:]*

I'm on my last leg, walkin' through the belly of the beast  
Feelin' like I'm all out, drunk as can be  
It's plain to see, that we mob niggas hidin' in bushes  
Claimin' that they ride rough, but they softer than cushion  
They softer than bitches in the worst way, drownin' in blood  
Outlawz, my blood brothers, I'd die for these thugs

Say hi to this slug, it's a shame how some niggas on the West Coast was ridin' with 'Pac, but when he died, they  
went pop

I'm out in Jers, to the fullest, like some West Coast love  
But after 'Pac stopped rappin', it ain't no West Coast thug  
Just West Coast slut

To my real niggas stuck in the street game, 'cause rappers like Jay Z be pumpin' Kool-Aid through they veins  
Is it true what I'm sayin'? Slap your soft ass to the floor  
And watch my fo'-fo' put peek holes through your door  
I ride or die, but these other fag niggas be bitin' this  
It's all from my heart when I was writin' this; all out!

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*[Kastro:]*

Now, we all ride, and down to die; who with us?  
Speak up, or get treated like you comin' to kill us  
They ain't nothin' but squealers  
In this rap game, swearin' they rough  
Tattooed up, and now them niggas swearin' they 'Pac  
Stop that, and watch your back, we ain't forgot 'bout ya  
These Glocks hot, and when shot, it'll bring the bitch up out ya  
It's me, Kastro with the goattee  
Walkin' like a OG, 'cause all these fag motherfuckers owe me  
I pray to thug lords, like them motherfuckers holy  
Frontline soldier, 'til the Heavens call me  
I go all out, and if you real, you real  
Feel what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause this game is ill  
I live it, forbidden fruit, shoot, 'til they feel it  
Livin' proof, Pac breed niggas they can't deal with  
Holla back, right back, and watch your mouth  
Or get blood in it, what; we goin' all out, nigga!

*[E.D.I.:*

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*[E.D.I.:*

Fool, you better go all out  
Keep goin' all out  
All my niggas goin' all out  
Without a muthafuckin' doubt  
Aye, you niggas just gon' think you gon' be uh  
Talkin' slick on all of these motherfuckin' records  
And we ain't gon' say shit  
Now it's 1999, it's a different grind  
Don't disrespect the Don  
It's still war, motherfuckers  
So let's see you act like you know

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